The Baltimore Weekly Magazine.

For ev'ry palate is our Banquet fit;
Replete with Morals, Hiſt'ry, News & Wit.

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1800.

For the BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

—ILDEGERTE.—

[*Continued from page 49.*]

THE expiring monarch was thrown acroſs his ſteed, and ſlowly conveyed from the field of battle; but before he reached a place of refreſhment was dead. Canfried cried aloud that Swend was dead, which animating his retreating troops, they returned to the combat. The dreadful news ſoon reached the warrior Tott, who as yet was ſpreading devaſtation around; he called, with a ſtifled voice, for his ſoldiers to follow him and avenge the death of their "king and benefactor."

It was in vain, however, that he attempted to renovate the deſponding ſpirits of his men, the Norwegians fled in every direction, and thouſands of them fell beneath the ſwords of their purſuers. Tott, with a ſmall, intrepid band, took poſt on a ſmall eminence, and maintained himſelf againſt the foe. He enquired for his ſon Uffo, and aſked if he was among the fugitives, he was anſwered in the negative, and informed that he had fallen glorioufly amidſt the fight; the chief then demanded if his wounds were in front; he was anſwered that they were:

"Odin be praiſed!" exclaimed old Tott. "Let us fight to-day; to-morrow we will mourn."

As he ſpoke he opened his viſor to regain his breath; when an arrow, ſped ſwiftly through the air, entered his right eye, and tumbled the hero to the earth. This was a fatal ſtroke to his followers—

"The ſword dropped from every feeble hand, and every arm ſunk impotently down."

Not one of them, however, would be indebted to the victor for his life; and Canfried "towered the plain with carcaſes."

I now leave the blood-ſtained field of action, and the horrid din of arms, to turn the attention of the reader to the heroine Ildegerte, who about the hour of twilight, received the letter of Swend, which announced to her his attachment; ſhe enquired of the meſſenger in what ſtate he left the camp, and whether Canfried had been vanquiſhed? he informed that when he left the camp, the army of Norway was preparing for the battle. After theſe enquiries ſhe opened the letter—ſhe read, ſhe colored—ſhe cloſed it, and a pearly tear trembled in her ſparkling eye. She requeſted the meſſenger to withdraw; he deſired her not long to delay her anſwer, and inſtantly retired: "Ildegerte ſunk upon her knees and prayed;' after which ſhe hid herſelf in one of the moſt loneſome chambers of the caſtle.

In the mean time the communicative meſſenger had already begun to relate to the females of the caſtle all that his royal maſter had ſaid to him; and at length obſerved that

"It muſt be ſome great project of the king which my weak intellects cannot diſcover; but perhaps Ildegerte may give you further information."

Buſtle and whiſpers now took place, and after much debate the women concluded that they knew nothing about it, and determined they would gain the deſired information from Ildegerte, or if they could not obtain it in that way, they would read it in her countenance. The hour arrived; all eyes were fixed on her as ſhe approached the ſaloon, where ſhe ſeated herſelf with the uſual complacence. They ſat at the table. Ildegerte talked in like manner to all.—Winking, coughing, treading on toes, &c. took place, till at length Ildegerte obſerving their anxiety, told them every circumſtance of the letter; her companions were aſtoniſhed; but recovering themſelves, they ſurrounded their miſtreſs with careſſes and paid her the homage becoming her as a queen.

To be continued. to page 192

For the BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ON STUDY *and* RETIREMENT.

LET ſordid minds on ſtores of lucre bent,
Graſp at a farthing or a paltry cent;
Let others wanton in the ſick'ning rays
Of *Luxury*, and idly ſpend their days:

But me, nor gold nor idle hours pleaſe,
Deſerting pleaſure and inglorious eaſe,
Yon dreary, ſolitary wood I'd chooſe,
Where lofty trees a diſmal ſhade diffuſe;
Impervious to the ſun and cheerful light
It ſeems ſtill *contemplation* to invite.
Thither let me at early dawn repair,
Let books alone be my companions there;
Loſt to the world I'd ſpend the ſilent hours,
Caſt forth th' exertions of my mental powers;
Supremely bleſt the cauſe of things to learn,*
And at the price of ſtudy knowledge earn;
See through our tranſitory terrene ſtate,
Beneath my feet tramp idle fears and fate;
Whence are the ſun and moon eclipſ'd enquire,
What fuel feeds bright *Phoebus* conſtant fire;
Why *ocean* rages, why *earth* trembling quakes,
Affrights the world, and from her center ſhakes.—
But, if blood to frigid in my veins abound,
If I can't fathom learned deeps profound,
The riſe of Nations and their fall I'd know,
What mighty ſtreams from ſmall beginnings flow;
How great *Columbus* in the days of yore,
Conceiv'd the thought, then ventur'd to explore,
In ſpite of kings, thoſe undiſcover'd lands,
Where *Liberty* at length her wings expands.

PHILOTHEORUS.

**Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoſcere cauſas; Atque metus omnes, et inexorabile fatum ſubjecit pedibus. &c.——Virgil.*

HISTORY OF JACK SMITH.

[*Continued from page* 99.]

LEWIS read the letter with far other ſenſations than the laſcivious writer had conceived. The cold graſp of horror chilled that heated deſire which before raged thro' his frame. "Tell your miſtreſs," ſaid he to the meſſenger, "I come." The man haſtily departed, Lewis mounted his horſe, and without loſs of time flew, not to her arms, but to the court of the monarch. He gave the letter; Edward read the contents, and ordered a choſen body of troops to attend Lewis to the caſtle, and bring the lady ap Bourne to his preſence. Lewis arrived with the ſoldiers at St. Donats. The lady, deſpiſed by her lover, and ready to fall into the hands of juſtice, now threw off the flimſy appearance of delicacy: ſhe mounted the battlements; ſhe harangued her troops for the combat; ſhe prayed, ſhe promiſed and ſhe threatened; they liked not the cauſe, but threw down the drawbridge, and to a man ſurrendered to the proper heir. Deſpair alone remained with this depraved and infatuated woman: ſhe aſcended the higheſt turret, and plunging a poniard into her breaſt, threw herſelf headlong in the midſt of the aſtoniſhed ſoldiers. Lewis was now become the lawful lord of the caſtle: the body of the murdered David was ſought for and found: and not long after a confidential ſervant diſcovered both the iniquity of David and the late lady ap Bourne in the murder of his former wife. A few years from this period, the ghoſts of the different perſonages ſo untimely cut off, began to make their appearance. The firſt lady ap Bourne, who was poiſoned, took poſſeſſion of the interior of the caſtle; the infamous Jane delighted in the court yard and battlements; while David ap Bourne himſelf was contented with the well and ground adjoining. But theſe reviſiting inhabitants had never been troubleſome to the lord Lewis, who having married a Welch lady, lived contentedly, and died peaceably on the ſpot. David his ſon ſucceeded him in the reign of Harry the eight, at which time the ghoſts were almoſt forgotten. However, they made their appearance again about the time of Mary; but in the glorious reign of Elizabeth, and the following one of James, they were thought to have departed for ever. When the unhappy Charles came to the throne, they ſeemed once more to have revived; and ſo much were they noticed about that period, and until the reſtoration, that the neighborhood can tell moſt wonderful tales, faithfully handed down from father to ſon, of the ſtrange and wonderful pranks they played in thoſe days. On the eve of Chriſtmas in the year 1700, a famous ſcholar came from Oxford, and completely laid the two ghoſts of the ladies. The firſt lady ap Bourne had permiſſion to go where ſhe pleaſed, and the infamous Jane was ſent to the Red Sea. The ghoſt of David ap Bourne was alſo quieted for a ſeaſon; and for theſe good acts the learned gentleman was rewarded by the gift of the living, in the poſſeſſion of the lord of the caſtle. Since that period the female ghoſts have been no more noticed, and the Spectre of the Well has only been ſufficiently remarked to carry its hiſtory down to poſterity, until (as it was before ſaid) a few years prior to Mr. Freeman's coming to the caſtle, when the occurrences in the beginning of the chapter took place.

Thus have I related the cleareſt and beſt account Mr. Freeman was able to collect from ſome old papers which are depoſited with great care in a cheſt which is in the library, and from the moſt reſpectable tradition of the inhabitants. The reſult of the whole could not but ſurprize Mr. Freeman. The teſtimony of the clergyman and the two countrymen who watched with him, was the ſtrongeſt proof that the inhabitant of the well was ſupernatural; and that there ſtill exiſted ſuch a gueſt his own eyes had often witneſſed from his own chamber. He was very certain that to attempt any further inveſtigation of the buſineſs would be offenſive to the country people; and that, ſo far from getting any one to aſſiſt him, he ſhould be reprobated for the very idea. Nor was Mr. Freeman of a curious prying diſpoſition: ſo, after being ſome time at St. Donats, and finding the ghoſt was very quiet and inoffenſive, he determined reſolutely to reſiſt all idle curioſity, and leave the ſpectre undiſturbed in its own fancies. At firſt he ſuppoſed there might be ſomewhere thereabout a concealment for a gang of of ſmugglers, or other nefarious depredators, but the country all around remained perfectly quiet, unmoleſted by robbers of any deſcription. The idea of coiners next ſtruck his fancy, as he had heard ſtrange ſtories of ſets of that kind; but by the utmoſt attention he could employ, he had not the leaſt reaſon to think any ſuch were there. He particularly remarked in the morning early, before the herdſmen and ſhepherds came to the well, that the ground around the well was free from ſoil; nor were there any marks among the buſhes, or traces upon the earth, as if the place had been diſturbed. The window of his bed-room, and the one over it, where young Smith was to ſleep, were the only windows in the caſtle which had any command of the ſpot; and as Mr. Freeman went to bed early, he had frequently watched, in a moonlight night, if he could perceive any thing paſſing and repaſſing. In the courſe of theſe watchings, he had more than once obſerved a figure as deſcribed by the clergyman, with a bandage around its

head, and with folded arms, walk slowly from the spot; he had watched it also return; but no human traces were to be found in a morning. At other times he had observed the same figure, and after sitting up till morning had not perceived its return. Again, for months and months together he had not seen it at all; soon after it would be visible many nights following; in short he could not gain the least clue for the vaguest conjecture on the subject.—That ghosts had been Mr. Freeman doubted not; and why they should not still be, he could give no reason.—For what cause they came, of the motive, the purport, and end of their coming, according to the generally received and most creditable modern stories, very little explanation was ever given; and many appearances he had heard well authenticated, he could not in any degree account for; but his ignorance of a thing, or his not being able to comprehend it, he concluded, was no solid grounds for his disbelief. "How many plants, and even animals, are there in the world," he would say, "who seem to exist for no one purpose, whose use or disuse we are totally ignorant of? but that they really run their race on this earth as we do ours, that they are born, that they come to maturity, and that they die is a self-evident fact, which admits not a particle of doubt. Why the spirit of the lord ap Bourne continues to haunt this spot (if the figure I have seen be his ghost), I cannot possibly guess; and still as little can I tell if the figure should really prove to be a man. The constant memento of a supernatural appearance may be a caution to the inhabitants to avoid that lust and cruelty which proved his ruin; but no reason, nor for any purpose whatever, can I conceive why a living individual, at the calm and peaceful hours of the night, walks around the dreary and uninhabited spot of a well; but were it so, again I am ignorant why it is uninjured by the weapons of death, and leaves on the soil which it treads no marks of human pressure.

"Man, or spirit, thou art peaceable and inoffensive; rest, therefore, undisturbed and unassailed by me."

For the BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MR. COLVIN,

AS your Magazine is calculated for general utility, I take the liberty of giving publicity, through its channel, to the following extract of a Corporation act, the observance of which is so essentially necessary to the preservation of the health of our city, and which, I presume, the citizens in general are unacquainted with.

B. K.

"*And be it enacted and ordained*, That all ponds of stagnant water, all cellars and foundations of houses whose bottoms contain stagnant and putrid waters, all dead animals and putrified substances lying in or about the docks, streets, lanes, alleys or market places, vacant lots or yards, all privies that have no wells sunk under them, all graveyards, tallow chandleries, tanneries, sugar-boilers, skindressers, dyers, glue boilers and slaughter-houses not properly regulated, all docks whose bottoms are alternately wet and dry by the ebbing and flowing of the tide; all collections of filth in the streets, lanes, alleys and gutters thereof; all accumulations of vegetable and animal substances undergoing a putrefactive fermentation, are hereby declared common nuisances, that produce offensive vapours and noxious exhalations, which cause various diseases.

"*And be it enacted and ordained*, That if at any time the commissioners of health shall report to the mayor any of the aforesaid or other offensive substances, which in their judgment may endanger the health of the city, and which may be removable, the mayor is hereby empowered to order the removal thereof, if on public property at the expence of the corporation, and if on private property to order the removal thereof by the owner or occupier of such property, allowing therefor in his discretion a reasonable time; and in case of non compliance with such order, he may direct the superintendant of the streets to remove the same at such owner or occupier's expence, and such owner or occupier shall be further liable to the penalty of forfeiting ten dollars, for the use of the corporation."

ANECDOTES.

LORD——having brought his health into a very critical state by his irregularities, was advised by physicians to marry, and to lead a sober, domestic life, for the improvement of it. Accordingly, he formed a resolution to offer his hand to the first woman who caused prepossessions in her favour. Being one day in Kensington gardens, he was obliged to shelter himself from a heavy shower in a covered seat, to which two ladies had also repaired: one of them was Miss V——. A conversation ensued, during which, he asked them if they had a carriage; they replied in the negative; he then intreated them to take part of his, to convey them to town; and they accepted his offer. In their way to town, Miss V—— said she thought it was the easiest carriage she had ever been in: his Lordship politely replied, "You may be mistress of it, Madam whenever you please." Miss V——blushed her thanks, and they were married in a month from that day.

DR. JOHNSON.

DR. Johnson, in the earlier life of both, was on terms of intimate friendship with Mrs. Brooke, the author of Julia Mandeville, &c. When that lady was about to accompany her husband to Canada, the Doctor called a few days before her departure, to take his leave of her; on his introduction, he found her in the midst of a large circle of friends, who were assembled for the same purpose; after a short stay, he bade her adieu, and went down stairs. In a few minutes the servant came to inform his mistress that she was wanted in the parlor; Mrs. Brooke accordingly obeyed the summons, and to her great surprize saw the Doctor sitting with much composure in an elbow chair: Madam, said he, with his usual solemnity, I did not choose to take so long a leave of so old a friend without giving her a kiss; and, as I did not think it proper to take this liberty before so many people, I sent for you, that I might take a salute without being liable to any impertinent observation. With great formality the Doctor saluted his female friend and retired.

THE POWER OF ORATORY.

Humorous instance of its effects.

CÆSAR, and many Generals before and after him, inspired faint-hearted followers with courage; but the following is the only instance I have ever met with of a commander who had rhetoric enough to talk brave fellows into cowardice.

The hero of our story (which is sincerely a true one)

was at his ſtudies in one of the Univerſities, when the laſt rebellion broke out in Scotland (1745) and alarmed the care of government. He was young, and deſigned for a pillar of the kirk. Grace and ſanctity had therefore been more in his thoughts than arms and ſlaughter; but ſome of his friends who claimed a power in raiſing and diſpoſing the militia, took a fancy to dignify the young kirkman with the command of a company, and gave him orders to march them to a rendezvous that was appointed a few days after.

The new captain (as he told the ſtory himſelf, with a great deal of frankneſs) thought ſafety more his buſineſs than valour; yet was aſhamed to appear fearful, when every body around him looked as big as Bajazet. He reſolved therefore, to have recourſe to his oratory, and try if it was poſſible, under pretence of encouraging his men to frighten them into deſertion. In purſuance of this hope, he drew them, on the morning of the march, into a ring, at the foot of a little mount; and placing himſelf on the top of it, addreſſed them in the following oration which he gave me in his own hand writing:

"*Friends! Brethren! Countrymen!*

"We are marching againſt enemies, who are marching againſt God: for they fight againſt our king, and our king protects our kirk, and our kirk is the care of God. So our enemies are God's enemies, and our cauſe muſt prevail againſt them.

"As an officer of command, and a leader who knows no fear, it is my duty to ſpeak to you in a ſtyle that may inflame your courage. But as I am a chriſtian as well as a ſoldier, a man of humanity as well as mettle, I dare not conceal from you that there is a danger which I myſelf am afraid of: I, who to ſpeak in the world's notion of fear, am ſo reſolved that I can fear nothing. I mean my fellow ſoldiers, the danger which ſome of your dear ſouls may be in, of ruſhing headlong upon damnation.

"In all probabilty there will be an immediate engagement: I am confident we ſhall (I mean all who ſurvive the battle) ſucceed in the event. But alas! which of us knows whoſe lot it will be to fall in the field of ſlaughter? and ſince there is odds againſt your lives, are ye prepared for the approaching death? It is indeed an unreaſonable, but ah, my friends! it is a neceſſary queſtion. Are ye prepared, I ſay to die? Have ye aſſurance of ſalvation?

"I acknowledge that your piety, your loyalty, and your bravery, may entitle you to hopes of glory; but if you want the inward token, the aſſurance, the teſtimony! If you are not poſitive my friends, you are doubters, and he who doubteth, (ſays the holy writ) is damned! Mark that brethren! he who doubteth is damned!

"Ah! weigh the important queſtion, before I lead you a ſtep farther. Knock at your boſoms: aſk your conſciences, if ye are doubters? And if ye find ye are upright and ſtedfaſt, if ye have clear and unqueſtionable evidence, if your lives have been pure, and your bodies undefiled, your credentials for heaven are good, and ye may follow me undauntedly: for

Nil deſperandum eſt Teucro duce, et auſpice Teucro.

That is (being interpreted) 'King George, for ever. *Amen.*'

"But if ye doubt, if ye faint, if your inward man is not ſtrong, I deſire none of your fruitleſs aid.—I ſhall be more triumphant without you. Neither would I have your blood upon my head; ſince if you die, you will be damned.—But my chriſtian concern for your ſouls, hath made me forget that ye are ſoldiers. I come down to put myſelf before you, and let you ſee by my example, in the horrid bloodineſs of this day, what an aſſurance there is in the accepted, when they fight againſt the doubtful. I leave the reſt to your conſciences. They who doubt not will follow me."

This oration had the deſired effect, the whole of his men deſerted him.

THE BEST AUTHORS TO BE CENSURED.

IT it is an ingenious obſervation made by a journaliſt of Trevoux, on peruſing a criticiſm, not ill written, which pretended to detect ſeveral faults in the compoſitions of Bruyere, that in ancient Rome, the great men who triumphed amidſt the applauſes of thoſe who celebrated their virtues, were at the ſame time compelled to liſten to thoſe, who reproached them with their vices. This cuſtom is not leſs neceſſary to the republic of letters, than it was formerly to the republic of Rome. Without this, it is probable that authors would be intoxicated with ſucceſs, and would then relax in their accuſtomed vigour; and the multitude who took them for models, would for want of judgment imitate their defects.

Sterne and Churchill were continually abuſing the Reviewers, becauſe they honeſtly told the one that obſcenity was not wit, and obſcurity was not ſenſe; and the other, that diſſonance in poetry did not excel harmony, and that his rhymes were frequently proſe lines of ten ſyllables cut into verſe. They applauded their happier efforts; and theſe writers ſhould have conſidered, how much the praiſe of the judicious outweighs the ſtupid admiration of the mob. Notwithſtanding all this, it is certain that ſo little diſcernment exiſts among common writers, and among common readers, that the obſcenity and nonſenſe of Sterne, and the bald verſe, and proſaic poetry of Churchill, are preciſely the portions which have been ſelected for imitation; as if the blemiſhes of great men, were not blemiſhes.

Yet perhaps criticiſm may be too rigorous: and genius too ſenſible to its faireſt attacks. Racine acknowledged that one of the worſt criticiſms he received had occaſioned him more vexation than the greateſt applauſes had afforded him pleaſure. It is recorded of Sir John Marſham that having publiſhed the firſt part of his chronology, he ſuffered ſo much chagrin at the endleſs controverſies which it raiſed, and ſome of his critics went ſo far as to affirm it was deſigned to be detrimental to Revelation, that he burnt the ſecond part which was ready for the preſs. Pope has been obſerved to writhe with anguiſh in his chair on hearing the letter of Cibber, and other temporary attacks on him, mentioned. It is ſaid of the great Monteſquieu, that he was ſo much affected by the criticiſms, true and falſe, which he daily experienced, that they haſtened his death.

MILITARY ANECDOTE.

COUNT DILLON, commander of the Iriſh Brigade, at the ſiege of Savannah, being anxious to ſignalize his Regiment, propoſed a reward of 100 guineas, to the firſt of his grenadiers that ſhould plant a faſcine in the foſſe, which was expoſed to the whole fire of the garriſon. Not one offered to advance. The Count in a paroxyſm of diſappointment, began to upbraid them with cowardice.—The ſerjeant-major nobly replied, had you not held out a ſum of money as the reward, all would have preſented themſelves. They did ſo inſtantly, and out of 194, of which that company conſiſted, only 90 returned alive.

From a London Periodical Paper.

Curios simulant et Bacchanalia vivunt.—JUV.

A GRAVE old acquaintance of mine, who prides himself upon uttering what he calls apothegms, has a saying, that, "*If there were more honesty there would be less roguery in the world*;" now there does not appear to be any great depth in this; but he explains the matter thus—in the word *roguery* he includes, he says, all those sly things we are in the habit of committing, which it would be better for us and the world at large were not committed; and by *honesty*, he means a fair acknowledgment of the motives on which we at all times act.

My readers, perhaps, may thank my friend and me for this explanation, which they would never have been able to have drawn out of his curious apothegm, and look for yet further commentary upon the sentiment—as far as I understand its drift, they shall have it.

A citizen takes his family, or himself singly, in the summer to a watering place; in the winter to Bath; his sole end in doing this, as it is written upon his heart, is to mingle with the fashionable world, and by these means be thought of the fashionable world himself—to the contrary of all this, were he called upon to assign his reasons, which, by the way, certain circumstances can only justify the world's asking for, he would tell us that health is the object of his pursuit; though he is known to plunge into a course of life, when he gets into those places, which must materially go to hazard that portion of health which he already enjoys;—why then does he, with a florid complexion, and athletic activity in his limbs, say this?—Simply because the original end of bathing and drinking mineral water was to promote health—a man might go to a brothel with similar pretences, because it is usually denominated a bagnio.

Another worthy trading friend, perhaps, though young in business, and with no great share of cash to support it, keeps a great deal of convivial company; he attends a club every night in the week, and spends more per diem than the profits of his occupation produce; at the same time the life he leads, so stupifies his senses, that he has scarcely an hour of clear comprehension through the day. Desire to know his motives in doing this, he is sure to tell such as he conceives ask the question on a friendly footing, that he mixes in company to form connexions and procure business—Now this is ninety-nine times in a hundred, a false pretence—the fact is, he loves drinking and late hours; some one affecting to be more ingenious, will say, a fondness for company and conversation draws him: but what keeps him when rational conversation is at an end, or every one else is gone home to bed!

A neighbour of mine, with a most excellent pair of legs keeps a fine horse, at an expence which would half keep his house in the style in which it would be decent and becoming of him to live; his family, however, while he is rioting in luxury at some inn at a distance from town, to which his fine horse has carried him, fare, I am told, but scantily. This gentleman tells you that exercise, riding, in particular, is wonderfully good for his constitution; it tends to take down his corpulency; it should seem that it does more, for, as I have hinted, were he to look at home, he would find that the corpulency of his whole family is kept down by this exercise of his.

On the same principle we find athletic gambling going on in every outlet from town; while day light remains, a man will undergo, at cricket or bowls, ten times the labour which he is called to exert in the course of his professional pursuits, perhaps unbecoming his circumstances in life; wasting his time, spending his money and disabling himself from business in the morning—all by way of relaxation.

A man of the most unpleasant temper, who disgusts every company in which he mingles, by an insolent deportment, perhaps if he has an occasion to speak of himself, will represent this very conduct of his, as proceeding from the goodness of his heart, a bluntness of nature and openness of manner, which he cannot conceal; on the contrary, it most probably proceeds from a downright rancorous disposition.

To descend to the more harmless follies of life; matters of dress for instance—one man cuts his coat in the extremity of fashion, indeed so fantastically, that his most intimate friends are disposed to laugh at him: he tells you of the great convenience that attends the wearing of a coat of that cut, that he chose it on account of that convenience solely, and not from any regard to fashion: "*Damn the fashion: I consult my ease.*"

The same is to be said of shoe-strings instead of buckles; they are lighter. A man takes snuff—it relieves his head: smoaks tobacco—it is good for complaints in the stomach or teeth: eats excessive suppers—they agree with him better than heavy dinners: sits up late—he never can sleep many hours together, &c. &c. *ad infinitum.*

Now, respecting all these supposed cases, I have to say, let every one pursue his will and pleasure, I assume no right of dictating to him; but if he would fairly confess his motives for what he does, and not give false ones, the world would be more obliged to him, as it would sooner come at his real value in society. In the language of an old joke of Joe Miller's, if a man loves to drink brandy to the destruction of his vitals, let him not profess to take it merely because the weather is cold and he wishes to warm himself, or is hot and wishes to prevent getting cool too suddenly, but frankly, because it is brandy his favorite liquor.

The productions of the mind not seizable by Creditors.

WHEN Crebillon, the French tragic poet, published his Catilina, it was attended with an honour to literature, which though it is probably forgotten (for it was only registered, I think, as the news of the day) it becomes a collector zealous in the cause of literature to preserve.—I shall give the circumstance, the petition and the decree.

At the time Catilina was given to the public, the creditors of the poet had the cruelty to attach the produce of this piece, as well as the bookseller's, who had printed the tragedy, as at the theatre where it was performed.—The poet much irritated at these proceedings, addressed a petition to the king, in which he shewed that it was a thing yet unknown, that it should be allowed to class amongst seizable effects, the productions of the human mind; that if such a practice was permitted, those who had consecrated their vigils to the studies of literature, and who have made the greatest efforts to render themselves, by this mean useful to their country, would see themselves in the cruel predicament of not daring to publish works, often precious and interesting to the state; that the greater part of those who devote themselves to literature, require for the necessaries of life those succours which they have a right to expect from their labours; and

that it never has been suffered in France to seize on the fees of lawyers, and other persons of liberal professions.

In answer to this petition, a decree immediately issued from the King's council, commanding a replevy of the arrests and seizures, of which the petitioner complained.—This honorable decree is dated the 21st May, 1749, and bore the following title, 'Decree of the council of his Majesty, in favour of Mr. Crebillon, author of the tragedy of Catilina, which declares that the productions of the mind are not amongst seizable effects.'

For the BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

MR. COLVIN,

YOU have, I observe, for some time past continued to publish the History of *Jack Smith*, I now send you for your approbation the History of *Jack Martin*. This *illustrissimo*, it is said, was born some where in the purlieus of Boston, and is the fortunate offspring of an humorous oyster wench and a stentorific guardian of the night, vulgarly denominated *watchman*; hence Jack was celebrated for his wit, and always made a *great noise* in the world; our hero from his earliest years was notorious for the many petty thefts he committed, such as robbing the poor old apple women, stealing ha'pence from his mother, all which he considered as harmless pranks, and which, indeed, in a serious light, might be justified by the French system of *equality*—that is a levelling of purses; Jack grew apace and was sent to a public free school, where he was always forming schemes to "quiz" the teacher, and was most industrious in inventing lies whereby he procured many an innocent youth the benefit of a flagellation; he improved however, in some measure in the *superficial* learning of the school, such as reading, writing, arithmetic, &c. but more than this the brain-pan of the hopeful boy was not calculated to retain; one thing he particularly excelled in was the imitating the hand writing of different persons, which on occasions thereafter was of infinite advantage to him; but more of that anon. After Jack left school, he was apprenticed to a gentleman who gained a livelihood by the *black art*, and from his natural supineness of disposition soon exalted himself to the sublime degree of *head devil*; they all, however, owned that Jack was a *plesant devil* enough, and would no doubt in time shine in the world. Our youth was always good at a *lounge*, and during the term of his servitude cheated his master out of many a good hour's work; this he humorously called *putting his hand in his master's pocket*—but his master's is not the only pocket Jack has put his hand into in his lifetime. With this man the hero of our tale remained for five years, in the course of which, he ran away several times, and cost his master more than his time was worth to get him again.

At the expiration of this period he was left alone in the world, but not without *means*, for he had now become an adept in all the mystic knowledge of his art, and was enabled to gain a livelihood by hiring himself to his former master; here Jack might have lived contentedly had not his natural disposition to idleness and itinerant notions prevented him, so after he had collected together by a little labor and more stealth, a small sum of money, he journeyed by water for the metropolis of South-Carolina, where after arriving, he slipped ashore with a small bundle of clothes (all the baggage he owned) and lay concealed until the master of the vessel sailed on his return, when Jack ventured forth in public, frequented bagnios, billiard-tables, threw dice and engaged in all variety of swindling with which that city abounds.

[*To be continued.*]

From an English publication.

Multa quoque et bello passus.—VIRG.

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

A few nights ago, after I came home from the tavern, I took up the first volume of your papers, which at present is deposited near the elbow chair in my chamber, and happened to reach the fifth number which contains the narrative of a FLEA. After I fell asleep I imagined the book still to lie open before me, and that at the bottom of the page I saw not a FLEA but a LOUSE, who addressed me with such solemnity of accent, that it brought to my mind some orations which I had formerly heard in St. Stephen's chapel.

Sir, said he, it has been remarked by those, who have enriched themselves from the mines of knowledge by deep researches and laborious study, that sublunary beings are all mortal, and that life is a state of perpetual peril and inquietude: such, indeed, hitherto has been my experience; and yet I do not remember, that I have brought calamity upon myself by any uncommon deviations either from virtue or prudence.

I was hatched in the head of a boy about eight years old, who was placed under the care of a parish nurse, and educated at the charity school. In this place, as in a populous city, I soon obtained a settlement; and as our state of obedience is short, had in a few months a numerous family. This indeed, was the happiest period of my life; I suffered little apprehension from the comb or the razor, and foresaw no misfortune, except that our country should be overstocked, and we should be compelled to wander, like the barbarians of the North, in search of another. But it happened that the lord of our soil, in an evil hour, went with some of his companions to *Highgate*. Just at the top of the hill was a stage, and a mountebank, where several feats of wit and humour were performed by a gentleman with a gridiron upon his back, who assisted the doctor in his vocation. We were presently in the midst of the crowd, and was soon after upon the stage; which the boy was persuaded to ascend, that by a sudden stroke of conjuration, a great quantity of gold might be conveyed under his hat. Under his hat, however the dextrous but mischievous operator, having imperceptibly conveyed a rotten egg, clasped his hand smartly upon it, and shewed the autum potabile running down on each side, to the unspeakable delight of the beholders, but to the great disappointment of the boy, and the total ruin of our community.

It is impossible to describe the confusion and distress which this accident instantly produced among us: we were at once buried in a quag, intolerably noisome, and insuperably viscid: those who had been overturned in its passage, found it impossible to recover their situation; and the few, who happening to lie near the borders of the suffusion, had with the utmost efforts of their strength crawled to those parts which it had not reached, laboured in vain to free themselves from shackles which every moment

became more and more ſtrong, as the ſubſtance which formed them grew more hard, and threatened in a ſhort time totally to deprive them of all power of motion. I was myſelf among this number, and cannot even now recollect my ſituation without ſhuddering at my danger. In the mean time the candidate for enchanted gold, who in the ſearch of pleaſure had found only dirt and hunger, wearineſs and diſappointment, reflecting that his ſtolen holiday was at an end, returned forlorn and diſconſolate to his nurſe. The noſe of this good woman was ſoon offended by an unſavory ſmell, and it was not long before ſhe diſcovered whence it proceeded. A few queſtions, and a good thump on the back, brought the whole ſecret to light: and the delinquent, that he might be at once purified and puniſhed, was carried to the next pump, where his head was held under the ſpout till he had received the diſcipline of a pickpocket. He was indeed very near being drowned; but his ſufferings were nothing in compariſon with ours. We were overwhelmed with a ſecond inundation: the cataracts, which burſt upon us with a noiſe tenfold more dreadful than thunder, ſwept us by hundreds before them, and the few that remained would not have had ſtrength to keep their hold againſt the impetuoſity of the torrent, if it had continued a few minutes longer. I was ſtill among thoſe that eſcaped; and after we had a little recovered from our fright, we found that if we had loſt our friends we were releaſed from the viſcous durance which our ſtrength could never have broken. We were alſo delivered from the dread of an emigration and a famine; and taking comfort in theſe reflections, we were enabled to reconcile ourſelves, without murmuring at the fate of thoſe who had periſhed.

But the ſeries of misfortunes which I have been doomed to ſuffer, without reſpite, was now begun. The next day was *Holy Tueſday*; and the ſtupendous being, who, without labour, carried the ruins of our ſtate in proceſſion to the bounds of his pariſh, thought fit to break his wand into a cudgel as ſoon as he came home. This he was impatient to uſe; and in an engagement with an adverſary, who had armed himſelf with the like weapon, he received a ſtroke upon his head, by which my favourite wife and three children, the whole remains of my family were cruſhed to atoms in a moment. I was myſelf ſo near as to be thrown down by the concuſſion of the blow; and the boy immediately ſcratching his head to alleviate the ſmart, was within an hair of deſtroying me with his nail.

I was ſo terrified at this accident that I crept down in the nape of his neck, where I continued all the reſt of the day; and at night, when he retired to eat his cruſt of bread in the chimney corner, I concluded that I ſhould at leaſt be ſafe till the morning, and therefore began my repaſt, which the dangers and misfortunes of the day had prevented. Whether having long faſted my bite was more keen than uſual, or whether I had made my attack in a more ſenſible part, I cannot tell; but the boy ſuddenly thruſt up his fingers with ſo much ſpeed and dexterity, that he laid hold of me, and aimed with all his force to throw me into the fire: in this ſavage attempt he would certainly have ſucceeded, if I had not ſtuck between his finger and his nail, and fell ſhort upon ſome linen that was hanging to dry.

The woman, who took in waſhing was employed by a laundreſs of ſome diſtinction; and it happened that I had fallen on the ſhift ſleeve of a celebrated toaſt, who frequently made her appearance at court. I concealed myſelf with great caution in the plaits, and the next night had the honour to accompany her in the drawing room, where ſhe was ſurrounded by rival beauties from whom ſhe attracted every eye, and ſtood with the utmoſt compoſure of mind and countenance in the center of admiration and deſire. In this ſituation I became impatient of confinement, and after ſeveral efforts made my way out by her tucker, hoping to have paſſed on under her handkerchief to her head; but in this hope I was diſappointed, for handkerchief ſhe had none. I was not, however, willing to go back, and as my ſtation was the principal object of the whole circle, I was ſoon diſcovered by thoſe who ſtood near. They gazed at me with eager attention, and ſometimes turned to each other with very intelligent looks; but of this the lady took no notice, as it was the common effect of that profuſion of beauty which ſhe had been uſed to pour upon every eye: the emotion, however, at length increaſed till ſhe obſerved it, and glancing her eye downward with a ſecret exultation, ſhe diſcovered the cauſe: pride inſtantly covered thoſe cheeks with bluſhes which modeſty had forſaken; and as I was now become ſenſible of my danger, I was haſtening to retreat. At this inſtant a young nobleman, who perceived that the lady was become ſenſible of her diſgrace, and who, perhaps, thought that it might be deemed an indecorum to approach the place where I ſtood with his hand in a public aſſembly, ſtooped down, and holding up his hat to his face, directed ſo violent a blaſt towards me from his mouth, that I vaniſhed before it like an atom in a whirlwind; and the next moment found myſelf in the toupee of a battered beau, whoſe attention was engroſſed by the widow of a rich citizen, with whoſe plumb he hoped to pay his debts and procure a new miſtreſs.

[*To be continued.*] to page 115

Baltimore,

NEWS.

NOTHING in addition to the 4th of June Foreign New has been received; *various political ſpeculations*, however have made their appearance relative to the operations of the different armies of Europe—on the whole, politicians give the balance in favor of France; they argue thus—Maſſena cooped up in *Genoa* by a corps under General *Ott*, holds out well; *Melas* purſuing *Suchet* towards the confines of France leaves *Bonaparte* with the army of reſerve in his rear; hence he is in the moſt imminent danger of being encloſed between two French armies, whence it is probable that the ground on which the Auſtrians were lately victorious, will become the cemetry of his Imperial Majeſty's ſubjects. In another quarter (Germany) *Moreau* purſues with his victorious legions the army of *Kray*;—Town after town falls beneath his powerful arms, and the terrible defeats of the forces of Auſtria is only fitting to be retold in a charnel houſe.

At home nothing material has occurred to diſturb the tranquility of ſociety—Britiſh cruizers on our coaſt, however, continue to maraud our commerce; this it is hop'd will ſhortly be put an end to, as government have ordered three of the largeſt frigates to cruize on the coaſt.

The electioneering campaign in Maryland commenced near Elk-Ridge Landing this day.

For the BALTIMORE WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Louisa; *or the fatal Effects of Credulity.*

——————— Miserere laborum,
Tantorum miserere animi non digna ferentis.
VIRGIL.

NOW pensive ev'ning spreads her dewy veil,
The busy streams in mournful silence flow,
And every whisper of th' unsteady gale,
Sighs o'er the hist'ry of *Louisa*'s woe.

And thou, whoe'er thou art, whose troubled breast,
Whose grief like mine may kindly lead thee here,
Behold the grave where youth and beauty rest,
And bathe the cherish'd spot with many a tear.

The nymphs of all the village he surpast,
For Nature's bounties lavishly were shed;
Virtue o'er all her charms a lustre cast,
And Beauty nurs'd her in her loveliest bed.

Her father's pride, her mother's tender care,
How oft beneath yon shady elm reclin'd,
Have they with pleasure view'd her flowing hair,
Or trac'd the dawning beauties of her mind.

But ah! the joys which fickle Fortune yields,
Bloom like the morning flowers, but to decay,
For she with every rose a thorn conceals,
To mark with woe life's vari'gated way.

Long had *Louisa* heard, with Pity mov'd,
The artless vows of love *Alexis* made;
She knew how long, how tenderly he lov'd,
And kindly all his promises repaid.

Oft from his little flock he'd steal an hour,
And from the woodland and the lawn depart,
To haste with rapture to the sacred bower,
That held the mistress of his captive heart.

What moments there of happiness they past,
For innocent and gay, they knew not fear,
But these were joys too mighty for to last,
Since vice and folly reign triumphant here.

The landlord's son, *Orlando*, young and vain,
Whose breast nor Love, nor Truth, nor Virtue fir'd,
Beheld with secret jealousy and pain,
Their mutual passion; love alone inspir'd.

And skill'd in every soft alluring art,
He oft proposed some, dread insidious joy,
And sought to gain her unsuspecting heart,
That having gain'd it he might then destroy.

Oft too, he swore Alexis was unkind,
Tho' fair, was false, inconstant and untrue,
That all his vows were faithless as the wind
And pledg'd alike to every maid he knew.

At which oppress'd with pain and sorrow, she
Exclaim'd Alexis is this treachery thine?
Was this thy kind solicitude for me?
And is it thus that thou returnest mine?

Then from this hour, this fatal hour we part,
The flowers you gave I'll from my bosom tear,
Nor shalt thou e'er regain this injured heart,
Or reign a transitory moment there.

Thus he deceived till in a luckless hour,
He met the maid beneath yon willow tree,
And there too basely exercis'd his pow'r,
Then fled;———resigning her to misery.

Good heavens! what horrors gloom'd that fatal night,
The mournful moon her pallid beams withdrew,
Too chaste to dwell spectatress of the sight,
Whilst nature shed her dewy tears anew.

As on the cold damp ground in tears she lay,
To the wide world in pain and sorrow thrown,
She cry'd thou base—thou treacherous monster slay,
Nor leave me thus to weep and die unknown.

'Ere long I go, ah, never to return,
Oppress'd with sorrows to that peaceful shore,
Where love's consuming flame shall cease to burn,
And thy too fatal form be lov'd no more.

The hand of death press'd heavy on her breast,
The fading roses from her cheeks retir'd,
In yonder copse she laid her down to rest,
And there in silent agony expir'd.

As when a whirlwind shakes an aged oak,
And rends its budding branches on the shore,
Its glories fade beneath the ruthless stroke,
It droops and withers there to bloom no more.

Thus fell her wretched sire when he perceiv'd
His child adorn'd in all her native charms,
Torn from his bosom, cruelly deceived,
By lust undone, and wrested from his arms.

Nor ought could now the widowed mother save,
She, as the gales announc'd their parting knell,
Bow'd her grey hairs in sorrow to the grave,
And bade the treacherous world a long farewell.

Come then whoe'er thou art, whose troubled breast,
Whose grief like mine may kindly lead thee here,
Behold the grave where youth and beauty rest,
And bathe the cherish'd spot with many a tear.

PHILESEMNOS.

Baltimore, July 24.

Printed by J. B. COLVIN, *at* PECHIN's Printing-Office, *the* corner *of* Gay & Water-streets—*where* Subscriptions *for this* Magazine *are received at* THREE Dollars *per annum.*—*PRINTING of all kinds executed with neatness, elegance and dispatch and on the* most *moderate terms.*